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# The Princess is a Witch



princess

magic

fantasy

214 22 29

## Chapter 1 by Laura Frost

You know what's annoying?

Princes.

About once a month, some stupid prince tries to break into my tower. It's really very annoying. Last week, one interrupted a very complicated scrying spell. Set himself on fire. Then tried to fight his own shadow.

Idiots. Idiots, all of them.

I am Princess Tazmin Coranet. My parents rule over all of Lasdring. My oldest brother is the crown prince, and I am the middle child of five.

Currently, I reside in a tower. My parents put me here for safekeeping and the like. Someday, my 'handsome prince' is supposed to ride up to the tower, climb up the wall, make me fall drastically in love with him, and we will get married and live happily ever after.

Yeah.

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It's so nice to be a princess and Asxial. Really, just a wonderful thing.

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So now, instead of studying, I can get together with my friends and cast out spells by myself, with only the books for company. Well, they are useful, but you can't have a decent conversation

with them.

Personally, I'd like to actually rule a country in staid of being a pretty adornment. But seeing as that isn't going to happen, I'm going to stay here with my books and my cauldrons and my magic.

The next prince who goes on and on about my beauty is going to get turned into a toad.

## Chapter 2 by Sub-Reality



Not but one week after that last prince really messed himself up, sure enough, one prince came climbing through my tower window late at night. Luckily for him, this time I wasn't casting any spells. But also this time. it wasn't actually a prince.

## Chapter 3 by Enigma ,, previously ObjectLiterature



He whispered,

"Tazmin? Are you here? I would like to speak with you."

This one doesn't look like a prince, but who would come up here NOT to ask to marry me? Should I answer?

"Who are you and what do you want?" I whispered back into the dark.

"I am Sir Anthony, representative for the Magical Guild of Lasdring. We have been observing you, and your magical skills are quite impressive. I would like to ask if you want to join us and learn more about sorcery." he said.

Is he really asking me to join a magical guild? That is unbelievable. But wait..

"Were you stalking me?!" I said angrily. I don't really mind people stalking, but I don't want to accept this offer without a little more information.

"Stalking is a strong word. We just heard the terrified scream of Prince William, heir to the throne of Luipis, as he got turned into a toad. We are currently recruiting the best mages for generations, and would like to know if learning the deepest secrets of witchery is better than fending off love-struck princes."

Wow, he summed up my life in a sentence.

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Anything is better than here, and becoming a witch is something I want to do. I'm not a trophy or the damsel in distress. I want to be the hero for a change.

"I'm in. When do we leave?" I said.

"We leave now. Pack your things, you're going to Witch School!" he said with a smile.

#### Chapter 4 by Campbellsoup ✨ - was gone for SO long, but i'm back :)



"One more thing..." Sir Anthony said softly, shrinking down in his carriage seat as if I would hex him, or worse. "You might need to marry before you graduate?"

He glanced at me, unsure of how I would respond.

My response was simple and clear: I balled my hand into a fist and hurled it at his face.

But, I had forgotten that he was a highly trained warlock.

My fist was half a foot from his face when it stopped, reaching the barrier of the force field around me.

I let my fist drop to my side.

"How will this be ANY different than the tower?????" I shrieked.

Sir Anthony grimaced, patting his ear. "Maybe not so loud, Princess. Well. Ahem. Here are two reasons: 1, you let to learn the deepest secrets of witchcraft, and 2, this time you get to *pick* if you even HAVE a spouse. But be warned, Princess Tazmin. There are *quite a lot* of suitors hoping to be your husband."

I shrugged. "Whatever. I'm not going to have one, so the *suitors* can suck it up and deal." Sir Anthony tried not to smile.

Chapter 5 by Shasta



I didn't tell him the reason I didn't want to marry. I wasn't into boys.

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I wasn't into boys.

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I wasn't into girls.

I wasn't into anyone.

I was asexual, content with having no lifetime commitment and free to be a wanderer. I wanted to drift from one kingdom to the next, free of strings that tied me back to one in specific.

I didn't talk to Sir Anthony for the rest of the ride.

\*

"Wake up, Princess," Sir Anthony said shaking me awake. "We're here."

I stared up at the Magical Guild of Lasdring, taking in the trellis of roses covering one side of the building, and an ivy counterpart claiming the other side. Light and darkness, entwined in a death for eternity.

No one was outside, but I had the feeling I was being watched. A prickling sensation of goosebumps that went down my arms. It was a skill I had mastered, one of the first magic tricks I learned.

"Who is watching our arrival?" I asked Sir Anthony, becoming more rigid and formal in speech, how a Princess should act amongst inferiors.

"No one," he piped, smiling warmly down at me. "Now, Tazmin--"

"As an inferior, you shall address me as Princess Tazmin or Your Highness, nothing else," I said, looking into his brown eyes. I felt scared inside, but I also felt I had to prove that I wasn't a weak female he thought I was.

"Keep that attitude up," he whispered, "and you won't survive."

**Write a draft for chapter 6 of 8** (1 draft)

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**Apologetic Spider**

19 hours ago

I read Asexual in the first chapter and lost it! I almost screamed, in a good way. 😊 sry... continue with your day.

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